
Title: Britannia: an Essay

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1. Introduction

The opinions within
have come unto me
over a period of time,
taking shape as I
travelled about the
land, building upon
mine experiences
and attempting to
follow the Virtues to
the best of my ability.
With the untimely
death of my dear
friend, Devin
Glowember, cut down
defending himself
from a known thief
by Lord British's
supposedly just
guards, I felt the time
was nigh to raise my
voice over those
matters discussed
within. 2. Concerning
the purpose of this
text.

It is my intention
in the pages that
follow to comment on
the land of Britannia
in general and the
problems that plague
it, specifically
concerning the rule
and policies of our
Lord British. It is not
the author's intent to
cause any harm in
publishing this
document, but merely
to show and hopefully
educate those who
read it in an attempt to
create a better
Britannia for all its
people.

3. Concerning the status of our land.

It has come to my attention that our society, as it now stands, is plagued with a myriad of social and political problems, reaching from the lowest of beggars to our king himself. Britannia is in what is perhaps its darkest age yet, the problems I speak of being far worse than any monster or brigand raid ever could.

4. Concerning the Virtues, and the problem of morality.

While it is this author's opinion that the Virtues created by our Lord British are both noble and just, their execution has been fundamentally flawed since its genesis. Simply put, it seems that there is nothing less than a total lack of Virtue in Britannia, and most claiming to be "Virtuous" only desiring to exploit the Virtues to their own ends. As I recently walked through the streets of our capital city, I saw examples of this everywhere I turned. In one shop, I overheard a knight on horseback use language that would make all but the foulest of pirates

blush, in plain earshot
of several Lords and
Ladies, mind you,
cursing the name of
an equally
contemptuous smith,
who apparently had
run off with this
fellow's equipment
whilst pretending to
repair it. Outside in
the street, a young
lady who had
apparently dropped a
package was arguing
with a Lord, who had
claimed it rightfully
his, simply because
she had put it down
for a moment! A Lord!
I would expect as
much from a lowly
thief, but from such a
noble person it is
simply unthinkable. I
have heard even
stranger tales, of
trapped boxes left in
the open, waiting for
an unknowing citizen
to chance upon it and
attempt to discover
what is inside...this
in the very streets of
Britain! Bodies litter
the streets at times,
while blood stains the
cobblestones outside of
Lord British's castle.
Clearly, any notion of
the cities being a safe
place is quite untrue.

5. Concerning crime and its prevention.

It is no secret that the
conditions outside the
city walls are no
better than those
within. As we all
know, the roads of
our land are most
unsafe, and any
attempts to rid

Britannia of these
unsavory folk has
been, at the time of
this writing, mostly
unsuccessful. While
there are some who
attempt to force these
criminals from
Britannia, the truth of
the matter is far more
sinister. Many of
these "justice
seekers" are no more
noble than those
they hunt. Many hide
behind false titles,
preying upon the
weak and helpless.
Virtue, it seems,
is rarer than gold.
6. Concerning the rule
of Lord British.

It seems to me that
although Lord British
may have his heart in
the right place, his
capacity for ruling
leaves something to be
desired. He remains
safe within his keep,
while the despicable
acts described
previously occur all
around him. His
personal guard,
proclaiming
themselves defenders
of Virtue, do nothing
more to aid Britannia's
plight than any other,
most joining solely
for the shield and the
prestige it brings.
His solution to the
brigand problem,
adding bounties to the
head of any criminal
his guards have not
yet slain themselves,
has not only proven
ineffective, but only
causes more bloodshed
than ever before. His
kingdom is crumbling,
yet he does nothing
about it. Still, you say,
that is what guards

and city walls are for,
no?

7. Concerning what is
just.

While it may even be
considered treasonous
to call one's ruler a
murderer, I know no
other words that can
adequately describe
what occurs on our
city streets each day.
The City Guard sees
only black and white,
criminal and hero,
with nothing in
between. Those who
would murder a child
receive the same
punishment as those
who would steal a
loaf of bread to feed
that child: death.
There is no trial, no
mercy, no compassion
nor just cause, only
criminals and their
punishment.
Neither do the guards
seem to care
who receives that
punishment.
Murderers are
protected, while those
who attempt to defend
themselves are cut
down in the streets.
This is not justice by
any means, and its
enforcers no more
than common thugs.

8. Concerning war.

This may be the most
dire problem facing
Britannia. Rumors of
war have circulated
for some time, and
now it seems it may
soon become reality.
As one who once
considered joining
the fight, I now
believe that doing so
would be disastrous. I
have considered the
arguments from both

sides, and while I cannot yet provide a solution, I know war can bring nothing but harm. What is the point of saving the world, only to destroy it ourselves?

(Publisher's Note: Additional copies of this text may be found at the Lycaenum in Moonglow, as well as in libraries and bookstores throughout Britannia.)

Those wishing to contact me concerning what is written here may do so by posting at the Stag and Lion Inn in Magincia, as it would not be in my best interest to write my address here.

Please read this volume carefully, and think about what is said within. The situation may be dire, but perhaps, with enough effort, we can truly change the world.

Aimeric of Magincia.